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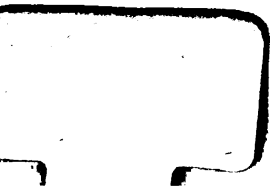
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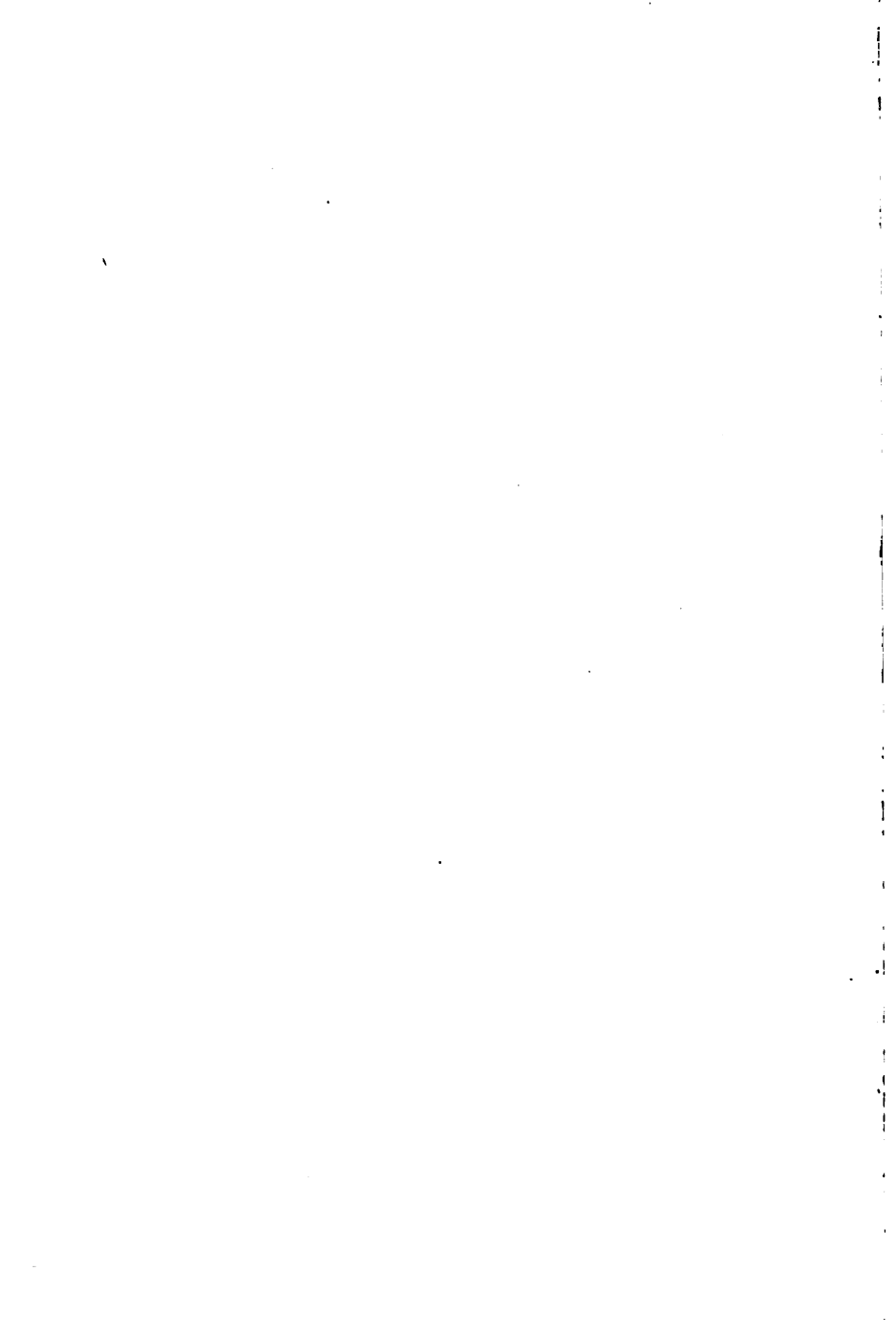
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HARP STRINGS

BY

ARTHUR W. SPOONER

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Author of

*Pauline: A Romance of the Civil War. The
Grandest Work in the World. The New
Pentecost*



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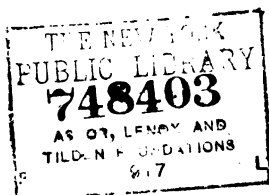
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VIBRANT HARP STRINGS

Strike, O harp, the gladsome strain!
Sound no note of fear, or pain!
Banish every thought of care!
Tune man's heart to song, and prayer!

Cheer the soul with sorrow pressed!
Kindle joy in every breast!
Help love's altar fires to burn,
Tear-dimmed eyes to upward turn.

Then thy mission shall be blest:
Weary hearts be soothed to rest:
Clouds that hover, disappear,
And the way seem bright, and clear.

CHASING THE BUTTER-FLY

Chasing the butter-fly
Over the meadow—
Laughing and shouting
In innocent glee—
Life full of sunshine,
Heart free from shadow,
This is the vision
From fond memory.

Fairy-winged creatures
Floating in azure,
Flitting so lightly
From flower to flower—
Bright days and happy
Of life's magic spring-time—
But butter-fly chasing
Enchants me no more.

There lies the meadow,
Wild flowers are blooming,
Gaudy-winged butter-flies
Float all around:—
But my heart like
The wildwood with
Winter snows laden,
Is bent with its burden
Of years to the ground.

Far away childhood!
Heaven-blest childhood!
Like visions of dream-land
Its pleasures I see.

Gay romps through the wild-wood,
Wild flights through the meadow,
While chasing the butter-fly,
Happy, and free.

THE GRUMBLER

The man that's always grumblin'
Ain't the man that counts with me.
For there ain't a meaner critter
In this whole wide world than he.

If it's hot, he wants it colder.
If it's cold he wants it hot.
When it's dry it should be rainin'—
When it rains he growls a lot.

Nothin's right with this old sinner,
He keeps kickin' like a steer:
Always fussin', always snarlin'
All goes wrong when he is near.

'Spect he'd growl if he was dyin',—
Somethin' would he out o' gear.
If he seen his old wife cryin'
He would say—"Quit! Don't be queer!"

No, the man that's always grumblin'
Ain't the one that counts with me.
An' there ain't a meaner critter
In this whole wide world than he.

NOTHIN' TER BE THANKFUL FER

My grandad says 'at on Thanksgivin' day
Folks should be good, an' sing, an' pray.
An' I heard 'im say 'at every man
Should try an' think as hard as he can
Of all the blessin's what's come ter him—see?
An' he 'ist as thankful as he kin be.

I can't think o' nothin' ter be thankful for.
Been the tuffest old year I ever have saw!
I've had all I've wanted ter *eat* every day,
An' good close—them things 'ist come, anyway.
Can't fer the life of me think what I'd say
If I should git down an' try ter pray.

I had a stun bruise las' July, an'
True's yer live I 'ist thought I'd die.
I started fer to kick a dog,
But 'stead o' him I struck a log:
An' where I hit was a big ole knot,
My! how it felt I hain't fergot.

Bill Bunker had a stun bruise too.
I can't have nothin' branfired new
But some kid, mean as mean kin be
'Ist up an' steals it off of me.
He said 'at his was *biggr'n* mine,
An' *hurt wus* too, but he didn't *whine*.
I said "'Taint so!" and he said "'Tiz!" an' then,
O dear! But I'll have a bigger one 'nother year.

Las' winter I broke thru the ice
An' nearly drown'd—went down twice!
Then in jumped Tom, ole Timkum's son
An' caught me by the hair, fer fun (?)
They pulled *me* out but left *Tom* in,
An' Tom got drown'd—what a sin!
He was a *hero*, don't yer see,
Cause he got drown'd 'stead o' me.
'At's 'ist my luck! Why couldn't I drown
An' be talked about all over town?

I had a tooth ake once, las' fall,
An' went ter see ole Doctor Ball.
"It's awful bad! A big hole in it!
Set still"—he said—" 'ist fer a minit."
I grabbed the chair, an' held my breath,
An' shut my eyes scared mos' ter death.
He clutched it, twisted, yanked an said—
"She's out"! I thought he'd bust my head.

I took the tooth ter show ter ma:
She said—"Yer brave! 'ist like yer pa".
An' then Jim Bender 'ist fer spite
HAD TWO TEETH PULLED that very
night.

I hain't got nothin' ter be thankful for.
Been the miserablest year I ever have saw.
Can't help but wonder what I'd say
'F I should git down an' try ter pray.

OLD SANTA AND HIS FLYING MACHINE

Ise got a long letter from ole Santa Claus!
He 'dressed it to me, an' I'm sure it's because
Ise been a good boy mos' all the year thru,
An' he wants me ter know what he's goin ter do.

He says 'at his reindeer 've all had whoopin' cough,
'At Dunder, an' Blitzen shook their antlers clear off:
'At Comet an' Vixen got caught in the ice
An' the poor things were all eaten up by the mice.

'I've been buildin' " he says, "a big flyin' machine,
'At goes swift as lightnin'—can't never careen:
It's safe on the sea, an' it's safe on the land:
My flyin' machine is certainly grand.

"This new-fangled flyer can sail ter the moon!
I started one mornin' an' got back at noon.
I found that the thing is made of green cheese,
An' will give ye a piece if ye only say 'Please'!

"I tell ye it's fun to go *whiz* through the air,
Fer, quick as a wink ye can be anywhere.
I can go roun' the world in a minit or two,
So ye see 'at it won't take me long ter find you.

"I know where ye live in yer father's big house,
An' when I git there keep as still as a mouse.
I know what ye want an' I've got it all made,
So tuck up in bed, an' don't be afraid.

"Ma Santa will take the trip with me this year:
She never was willin' before—ain't it queer?
She never would venture (?) ter ride in my sleigh,
But soars in my aeroplane every day.

"She thinks it great sport ter drop from the sky
Not bombs 'at kill folks, an' make children cry—
But good things 'at fills 'em with laughter and cheer,
She says she will go with me now every year."

When he woke in the morning the boy rubbed his
eyes,
And looked for the letter—'twas such a surprise!
It couldn't be found, for, strange though it seem,
The letter he got had come in a dream.

THE FIRST SNOW

Say, Bob, it's snowin'! 'iss 'tis too!
I've seen a flake! All right fer you!
I tried ter ketch it in my hand
An' almost did. Say, ain't it grand?

My, I'm so glad it's goin' ter snow!
Won't we have lots of fun, Bob, though?
Let's git our sleds down right away
An' shine the runners. What d'ye say?

There comes another flake Bob,—See!
An' there's another! Two! yes three!
Let's hurry fer I'll bet by night
There'll be a foot er two—there might.

We'll make a snow-man five feet tall,
An' build a fort down by the wall.
We'll stick a log in for a gun,
Say Bob, won't that be dandy fun?

Come now, Bob, ain't that 'iss too bad!
The sun is shinin'! Ise so mad!
I'm 'est a mind ter go an' c-r-y—
There ain't a snow-flake in the sky!

AN ODE TO THE STRAWBERRY

In the sweet days of June
When fields are a' bloom,
When the blue sky is soft,
And all nature in tune:—
When bare-footed boys
Roam the meadows, so merry—
I feast with delight
On the luscious strawberry.

In the visions that come
From the long, long ago—
In my dreams, just as real
As my waking, I know,—
With my basket in hand
And a song gay and cheery,
I search in the grass
For the crimson strawberry.

Down by the brook where
The buttercups grow,—
Hid 'neath their leaves
Are ripe berries, I know.
Close by that rock,
Half concealing their lustre,
There they still hide
In magnificent cluster.

Tho' childhood has gone
With its romping and glee,
Memory brings sweet refreshment to me.
The fields are still green
And the heart is still cheery,
And I love as of yore
The luscious strawberry.

So I sing of the berries
That grew by the brook.—
Of the rock-sheltered cluster
In sequestered nook:—
Of those fair days in June,
When the fields were a' bloom,
When the blue skies were soft,
And all nature in tune.

SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO

Up on the hill-side bright daisies are blooming,
Down in the meadow the sweet lilies grow.
Daisies and lilies God's glory are telling,
Is there not something for children to do?

Surely there must be in God's great big garden
Some little corner that needs just their care.
Some tiny vessel that small hands may carry,
Some work the kind gardner wants children to share.

Seeds must be planted in God's great big garden
Love seeds, and faith seeds, seeds of hope too:
The Master wants none in his great garden idle,
And this work the tiniest children can do:—

They can walk in the garden where toilers are busy,
And smile a sweet smile, and sing a glad song:
The work may seem hard, and the load may feel
heavy

But singing and smiles will make tired hearts strong.

O yes, there is plenty of work in God's garden,
And children are needed, and grown people too:
There is plenty of room for the largest and smallest
And a corner that's waiting for you—just for you.

ISE MOS' A MAN ALREADY

Ise mos' a man already, so I be,
An' I ain't afraid of nothin'—no sirree!
Ise four to-day, 'ats almos' five,
An' will be soon 'f I stays alive.
I can go up stairs in the dark,
An' I don't never stop to hark, an'—
'Es I can'f I want to, so I can!

Ise big too: mos' as big as pa: -
An' he's a' awful big man!
Four times bigger'n ma.
My feets jest fits his new gum boots,
An' I can lif' his big ole gun what shoots,
An' some day I'll kill a bear, 'less he skoots.

I can fight too—'es I can!
An' 'at jest proves Ise mos' a man.
Don't let no one call me "Kid",
No I don't! Once a feller did but
Won't no more, fer I jes' banged him on the head
'Cause he dared up and call me "kid"!

When I gets growed up I'll be a cop
'Es I will! An' wear brass buttons, an'
Stop bad boys pesterin' girls
An' chasin' 'em to pull their curls.
Or p'raps I be a minister, or engineer, or
Somefin else what's grand, or queer.
Ise mos' a man already, so I be,
An' I ain't afraid of nothin, no sirree!

I can play base ball, too, so I can,
An' run as fast as any man.
Can't no pitcher strike me out
Fer I jest knows what I'm about.
An' when the ball comes whizzin' by
I hit it way-up-in-the-sky.
An' once I made a real "home run."
O my! but that's the bestest fun!

Some day I'll buy a big balloon
An' sail away clear to the moon!
I'll drive it straight up through the air
An' make it go jes' anywhere—
Fer Ise mos' a man already, so I be,
An' I ain't afraid of nothin, no sirree!

HE SAYS IT'S SO 'N HE OUGHTER KNOW

We've got a preacher down ter hum
Who sure is mighty smart.
He's got the others on the run
With palpitatin' heart.
He says it's so 'n
He oughter know.

You jist should hear that feller though
When he gits up ter preach—
He sends the shivers down yer spine—
I tell ye he's a peach!
He says it's so 'n
He oughter know.

There ain't so eloquent er man
In all the kentry roun':
He don't go nowhere 'less he's called
A "honer to our town".
He says it's so 'n
He oughter know.

The city papers urge him so
It hurts him ter refuse:—
"Jist what he's said, or GOIN' TER SAY
Makes the best kind of news".
He says it's so 'n
He oughter know.

This preacher we've got down ter hum,
I tell you he's the stuff!
The folks what goes ter hear him preach
Can't never git enough (?)
He says it's so 'n
He oughter know.

GOOD BY GOD—I'VE BOUGHT AN AUTO

Good by God—I've bought an auto,
And I've got to speed away.
Oh, I know to-day is Sunday,
But tomorrow will be MONDAY,
And I'll have to work that day.

Didn't have an automobile
When I joined the church, you know:
Good by God, you must excuse me,
For I really have to go.

You won't judge me harshly, will you,
If I don't take time to pray?
Next December I'll remember
All about the "holy" day.

Good by God—I've bought an auto,
And I've really got to go:
True it's Sunday, and I'm sorry,
But I've got a "date," you know.

"Be at church", you ask, "this evening?"
Why, *perhaps*—I can't quite say:—
For I'm going on a "joy ride"
So, "Honk! Honk!" It's here. Good day!

QUIT YER KICKIN'

You had better quit yer kickin',
Fer it's jest as like as not—
That air kick may land on you sir,
In a mighty tender spot.

O, I know why you're a kickin'—
You don't quite enjoy the "dough":
Yer don't like the TRUTH he's preachin'—
Better own the "corn" right now.

Course I know it's real surprisin'
When a spade is called a "spade"—
An' when sin is shown so deadly
That ye *holler fer "first aid."*

But ye'd better face the music—
Look yer Lord straight in the eye:
Then drop down quick on yer "prayer bones",
An' prepare ter live, or die.

All the *rummies* now are kickin',
An' the *gamblers* kickin' too:
An' the "*highbrows*" in the churches—
They've all jined the "kickin' crew".

Now see here—if you're a Christian,
As ye say ye be—so proud,
You won't travel long, I tell ye,
In that pesky kickin' crowd.

Quit yer kickin'! Go ter prayin'!
Help yer brother man ter stand.
Ain't yer sorter 'shamed to own it
That ye jined the "kickin' band"?

Quit yer kickin'! Quit yer knockin'!
Be a "Booster" right away,
Fer before ye really know it
You'll be goin' away—TER STAY!

OUTSIDE OR IN

"I'm jest as good outside as in:
It ain't no use ter make a fuss:
The church folks ain't no better'n me—
In fact I calkerlate they're wuss.

"There deakin Skinner (named jest right)
He cheated me the other night:
We traded hosses, don't yer see,
An' that old rascal lied ter me.

"The hoss I got 's as blind 's a bat:
Now nabor what d'ye think of that?
He said 'One eye's as good as t'other'.
The truth is *he can't see from nuther.*

"There's sister Dobbins—don't ye know
That female gabbles like a crow.
She hain't got sense ter hold her gab:
I wouldn't trust her more'n a crab."

"It's cheaper, too, ter stay outside,
An' ain't so humblin' ter yer pride.
One cent a week squares my church bill;
When I ain't there it's cheaper still.

"'Pray?' No I don't: I ain't no saint,
An' most that thinks they be—p'raps ain't.
I'll take my chances any day
With hypocrites that sing and pray.

"'The Bible?' No, can't say I do.
Believe it? Wall,—I—guess—I—do.
My mother (I stood by an' cried)
Gave me her book the day she died.

"'The judgment?' Wall—I wish 'twant so,
But that I'll have ter face, I know:
An' when it comes without a doubt
I'd rather be *inside* than *out*.

THE FAULT OF THE COMET

"'Tis the fault of the comet"! They say everywhere,
If the weather be cold or hot.
But how do they know it?
They surely can't show it,—
Such slander is pure "Tommy rot".

The earth was so dry—not a cloud in the sky:
"The comet's to blame" they all said.
Then the rain-clouds sailed over,
And that "stella rover"
Tipped them bottom side up on our head.

I can not quite see what a comet can be,
That possesses such marvellous power.
It can melt Nova Scotia,
And freeze Alabama
And do it inside of an hour.

'Tis the latest sensation, this freak of creation,
And our gratitude how can we show?
It's the fault of the comet,
And none dare deny it,
When things go awry here below.

If children are fretful,
If bread will not rise,
If clothes do not fit,
If there's dust in our eyes,
If fish will not bite,
If living is high—
It's the fault of the comet
Up there in the sky.

It's coming our way! so astronomers say,
It reels off the miles just a million a day.
We are glad it is coming
Our blessings upon it!
For everything now can be laid to the comet.

(Suggested by Halley's comet, April, 1910.)

THE STANDPATTER

"You may talk as you please about local option,
How the 'devil is now on the run'—
It don't a bit matter
For I'm a standpatter
And shall vote as I always have done.

"My grand-dad and father all voted like me,
We've fired from the same old gun:
So hush up your clatter,
For I'm a standpatter,
And shall vote as I always have done.

"This talk about rum, and the harm it has done
May be true, and I reckon it's so:
But I'm a standpatter,
Tho' women may chatter,
And shall vote just as I always do.

"The saloon ought to go'? Undoubtedly so,
It ain't needed for me nor my son:
But I'm a standpatter,
That's just the whole matter,
And shall vote as I always have done.

"Taint just as I pray'! Is that what you say?
We'll quit now just where we begun—
For I'm a standpatter,
And *praying don't matter*,
So I'll vote as I always have done."

LA TRINIDAD

(*A Burlesque*)

'Twas Chris. Columbus, so they say,
Who first did Ameri-cay (?)
To tell the truth may make you sad,
But all he found was Trinidad!

Now Trinidad is not so big,
But Chris. he didn't care a fig:
He was so glad to see the land,
And safe on terra firm stand.

Old Christopher was feeling sad
Because his crew was fighting mad:
In fact it gave them frightful pain
To be so far away from Spain.

"Sail on"! cried Chris.—"just three days more!
And then, if we don't reach the shore—
We'll turn our gallant fleet around
And scud right back to Spanish ground."

So, on they sailed; and, e're the sun
Had quite his three days' journey run,
High on the deck—he was *so* glad,—
Old Chris. cried out—"La Trinidad"!

But Trinidad was far to sea:
Too far America to be:—
And so Columbus sailed away
But never found Ameri-cay (?)

Our "pilgrim fathers" crossed the sea,
In search of larger liberty:
And I'll maintain, 'gainst pope, or Czar,
That they first found Ameri-kar (?)

No other claim can ever stand,
For this is Freedom's native land:
The truth is this, and I'm so glad—
Columbus just found Trinidad.

THE DOCTOR'S SAFE RULE

Once a poor farmer, I know not his name,
Had a fish-bone stuck fast in his throat.
He tried to extract it, but effort was vain,
Then fear the poor fellow's heart smote.

He sent for the doctor, who came on a run,
"He's choking to death"! they all said.
The man in despair was clutching his hair,
While the doctor stood scratching his head.

"Go catch the old rooster"! he cried all at once—
"Don't stand there and let the man die!
I want a long feather! We'll soon find out whether
'Twill do it. At least we can try."

They rushed to the barn. They caught the old cock.
They pulled out a part of his tail.
'Twas a queer thing to do, but the doctor he knew
It had never been known (?) to fail.

"Now" said the doctor, "we're going to begin":
And he tickled the choking man under the chin.
He laughed, and he sneezed, and *out came the bone!*
It seems strange to tell it, but the deed had been
done.

"Will you tell me, good doctor" the happy man said,
"How you happened to think of that cure?
It's a wonderful thing! A most marvellous thing!
And original, too, I am sure".

The doctor looked wise, with a squint in his eyes,
And he answered the man with a smile—
I frankly will say that the bone meant to stay,
And kill you too, after a while.

"I've made it a rule, and I'm not quite a fool,
For sometimes it works like a charm—
In a critical case, when my wit's on the chase,
To do what at *least will not harm*.

So I scratched my old head and thought of the
feather—

I wanted to help if I could:
It at least could not "HARM," so I felt no alarm!
Though it failed to do one bit of good.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BAR

You may laud the man "behind the gun"
And give him praise and glory:—
But I speak of the man behind the BAR
And that is another story.

The one may be fighting for honor, and truth,
For freedom, and rights of man:
But speak one single word of praise
For the bar-tender if you can.

Across the bar, to the man outside
He passes the foaming bowl:—
And never seems to care at all
Tho' the drinker be selling his soul.

The sound of the silver that falls in the till
Is sweeter than angel's song:
So he waits with a smile, other glasses to fill,
And takes no account of the wrong.

That man is a robber behind the bar,
For he takes, and gives in return,—
Not what will strengthen, and cheer, and help,
But blister, and damn, and burn.

He is taking the furniture out of the house,
The shoes off the baby's feet:—
The smile from the face of the suffering wife,
From the table, the bread and the meat.

You may laud the man "behind the gun",
And give him high praise and glory:
But I speak of the man behind the BAR,
And that is a different story.

THE WORLD AND YOU

This world cares but little for you!
You may think me unkind,
Perhaps losing my mind—
But I tell you, my friend, it is true.

It was Caesar who said
In the years long gone by—
"I can feel my proud head
Knock the stars from the sky."

But the stars that he fancied
He hit with his head,
Have still kept on shining
Tho' Caesar is dead.

You may preach like Apollo
And the world loud applaud—
But you'll soon be forgotten
When under the sod.

The trump of the host
On the far battle-line,
May thrill for a moment
Like sparkle of wine.

But when the hush falls
On the red fields of war,
The world soon forgets
Both the hero, and scar.

The hand on the wheel
Of the proud ship of state,
Is replaced by another,
His service tho' great:—

And the proud ship sails on
Never slacking her pace
To mourn for the pilot,
Who stepped from his place.

The priest in his pulpit
And the king on his throne,
Are mourned for by few
When their life-work is done.

The maiden who weeps
By the bier of her lover,
Will soon dry her tears
When the funeral's over.

There are plenty of men
Big enough for your place—
There are runners galore
That could set you a pace.

You are not quite the "ONLY",
Don't feel vexed, but it's true,
For the world, after all,
Cares but little for you.

THE WORLD'S A'BLOOM

The world's a'bloom where'er you look,
On hill-side, or by running brook.
The woods are flecked with bright-hued flowers,
The dales are changed to floral bowers.

The world's a'bloom: and, far a'field
The winter's bands to beauty yield.
'Tis Paradise at last "regained"
With nature's prison-house, unchained.

The dog-wood deep in shady dells
Seems robed in white for wedding bells:
The cherry and the apple trees
Are vibrant with the hum of bees.

The world's a'bloom: and everywhere
The flowers' sweet breath perfumes the air.
All nature seems in perfect tune,
For May has turned the world to bloom.

YESTERDAY

My *Yesterday* I threw away,
But did not know it till to-day.
The day was gone before I thought.
The fruitage of the day was naught.
My *Yesterday* I threw away
But did not know it till today.

My *Yesterday* I lost!
And it's gone forevermore.
My *Yesterday* I lost!
And it makes my heart so sore
To think I lost my yesterday
And ne'er can find it more.

To-day will soon be added
To the yesterdays long gone:
And the story of its passing
Fill my heart with pain, or song.
Yes, to-day will soon be added
To the yesterdays long gone.

BETTER QUIT YER CUSSIN'

You had better quit yer cussin'
Fer it's mighty mean an' low,
When ye git a little vexed
Ter let yer cussedness o'erflow.

S'posin' ye did hit yer finger
When ye meant ter strike the tack—
Did a little ugly cussin'
Help ter molify the whack?

When yer mule conceived the notion
That "G'long"! was meant fer "Whoa"!
Did yer cussin' help ter start him?
Answer straight jest "Yes" or "No".

Jest because yer nabors' chickens
Flew inside yer garden wall,
Did yer cussin' help the matter?
('Twouldn't do to print it all).

No, there ain't no good in cussin':
'Tain't a manly thing to do.
Hold yer tongue, or else talk decent!
That's the better way fer you.

TEN TIMES ONE ARE TEN

"Ten times one"—I well remember
When a youngster, fresh at school,
How the teacher drilled, and drilled me
In this elemental rule.

First she made me count my fingers,
Then she pointed to my toes:—
"Ten times one are ten"—she echoed—
"That much everybody knows".

Soon I learned the lesson taught me
In that rustic village school,
For the apples, marbles, pennies
Showed the meaning of the rule.

"Ten times one are ten"—this message
From the fleeting years I read:
And the rule takes on new meaning;
Once I gave it little heed.

No, we can not be mistaken—
Ten times one are surely ten:
Though the arch that spans the chasm
From the "now" back to the "then"—

Seems so very short that, truly,
Were it not for this old rule,
I could almost think of going back
To that dear boyhood school.

What makes years speed by so swiftly?
Why do days make months so fast?
Can no power delay their fleeting?
Make the passing life-joys last?

When the lips are tuned to laughter,
When the heart is full of song—
"Ten times one" years seem a moment,
Twenty, FORTY quickly gone.

"Ten times one"—it sounds so simple!
But this rule learned long ago,
Takes on new and deeper meaning
As I older, wiser grow.

THE ARROW'S WOUND

Shoot an arrow in the air,
It will fall—who knoweth where?
Fall where it may, on land, on sea,
None know how deep the wound may be.

A song, a deed, a whispered word,
A prayer that only ONE e'er heard—
May prove an arrow, swift and keen
And reach the mark, it's flight unseen.

A hand that clasps another's hand,
May help some trembling soul to stand:
A look of sympathy and cheer
Dispel the gathering clouds of fear.

Then let the arrows swiftly fly
To wound with Love, the sad hearts nigh:
Fall where they may, on land, on sea,
The wounds though deep, will precious be.

OUR THREE MARTYRS

LINCOLN

Lincoln shot! No, No,
It cannot be! What mortal hand
Would dare be lifted 'gainst a man
So true, so kind, so brave as he?
Lincoln shot! God, what a deed!
Who now can meet the nation's need?
Will North and South again be foes?
Perhaps! Perhaps! Who knows? Who knows?
Lincoln shot! Just at the dawn
Of freedom's glad, exultant morn.
When black and white, when bond and free
Were heirs alike to liberty.
Lincoln shot! Does God still reign?
Has Justice been dethroned, and slain?
Has hellish hate usurped the throne?
Has LOVE proved faithless to His own?
'Twas not in vain—nay, not in vain:—
Thy death means life—thy loss is gain.
To deathless fame thy path is paved:
The victory won; thy country saved.
Thus out of darkness breaks the light.
Glad morning always follows night.
With faith the hearts of patriots swell:—
"God lives! God lives! and all is well".

GARFIELD

Again the nation bows its head
And mourns a leader slain.
Another martyr swells the list,
O God! Again? Again?

With eager pace he turns his face
Towards Williams' classic halls:
Across that brow, so honored now,
No fear-born shadow falls.

'Shrined in the heart of the land he loves,
Far better than his life—
Proud of the flag, beneath whose folds
Secure from hate and strife

He stands—but hark! a pistol shot!
Another! See, he falls! And lo,
A crimson stain proclaims again
A nation's deepest woe.

'Twixt life and death, hope and despair
He lingers, while on knees prayer-bent,
A nation's plea is heavenward sent,
That God the precious life would spare.

Close by the sea, from day to day
The life-tide slowly ebbed away.
It came at last, what comes to all
Death's reveille—the final call.

"God lives! All's well upon the earth!"
This nation which had holy birth
Shall stand unshaken and secure.
Though leaders fall, she shall endure.

Sleep on, O hero! heaven-blest.
Let naught disturb thy blood-bought rest.
The impious hand that struck thee down
Placed on thy brow a fadeless crown.

WHY HE CAME

Back of what the angels sang
Lies a deeper meaning.
Joy-bells ne'er so sweetly rang
As on Christmas morning.
"God is love"! That's what it meant:
'Twas for this the "host" was sent—
Hushed the voice of earth's lament
On that Christmas morning.

Back of every flower that blooms,
Lies a seed from which it comes.
Back of every stream that flows—
Back of every blushing rose,
Lies the primal cause—God's power
Waiting but it's natal hour.
What a flood of sweet content
Swept o'er heaven's battlement
On that Christmas morning!

Earth was old in sin and pain,
When the blessed Christ-child came
On that Christmas morning.
"Peace" O, hear the angels sing it!
Peal it out, ye joy-bells, ring it!
For the "BABY" came to bring it,
On that Christmas morning.

And He came because God loved me:
Bent with tenderness above me:
Sent His HEART to earth to save me
On that Christmas morning.

O STAR, SHINE THOU ON ME

O Star, shine thou on me!
Thy glory in full splendor let me see.
Lead me step by step along life's way
Till awed, enraptured I shall stand
Before the King, some day—some day.

O Star, shine thou on me!
Across life's desert day by day,
As, wearily I take my way—
Make plain the path that I should tread
And I will follow on—STAR LED!

O Star, shine thou on me!
Let nothing tempt my steadfast gaze.
Not sinful lust, nor flower-strewn ways
My soul, illumined by thy light
Shall feel no fear, shall know no night.

O Star, shine thou on me!
I have not much to offer, but I bring
All of my treasures to my King.
My life, my love, my little store
Shall all be His, forever more.

O Star, shine thou on me!
Across life's desert, o'er the hill
I travel on, led by thee still.
The journey's end I cannot see,
But all is well when led by thee.

A SOLILOQUY

"Three score years and"—let me see,
Am I that old? How can I be?
Life's normal bound, "three score and ten"
Is not far off: and then—what then?

Three score years and—bide a wee—
That somehow don't seem right to me.
I always thought "three score and ten"
Was far away: and then—what then?

"Three score years and"—one by one,
The years have gone—forever gone:
No time to lose for "three score and ten"
Is near at hand: and then—what then?

"Three score years and"—let me see—
Am I that old? How can it be?
Life's normal rule, "three score ten"
Brings heaven near: and then—O THEN!

ONE TICK AT A TIME

Just one tick at a time, and
The clock marked off the hours—
And the hours made days
And the days made weeks,
And the weeks made months, and years.

Just one tick at a time, and
The baby ceased to creep.
He stood, he walked, he ran, he climbed,
His life with other lives entwined,
And away he went with a leap.

Just one tick at a time, and
The boy to manhood grew—
And a maiden fair was waiting there,
With a face as bright as the stars at night,
Or a drop of sun-lit dew.

Just one tick at a time, and
Life flies on apace.
And the years sweep by,
And the end draws nigh—
The end of a long life's race.

THE LOVE TIE

There is a tie, a holy tie
That binds our hearts in one.
A tie that sweeter, stronger grows
Each setting of the sun.

And when the calm of twilight hour
Has hushed the din of day,
When toil, and care that caused unrest
Have passed at length away:—

'Tis then when life has quiet grown,
And stars bestud the sky,
Love comes still closer to its own,
A captive to that tie.

"Blest be the tie", we well may sing,
That binds our hearts in love.
It makes of earth a Paradise,
Foretaste of heaven above.

A common hope, a common love,
A common trust, and joy—
A common faith in God above
Which nothing can destroy.

"Blest be the tie"! Ah, sacred tie
That binds our hearts as one:
And never shall that tie be loosed
Till traveling days are done.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Yes sir,—I was born right here
Jest seventy years ago:
An' when I speak of farmin' life
I rather guess I know.

My father squatted on this spot
Way back in '41:
An' when he died he left by will
"The homestead to my son".

There ain't a spot on this old farm
But what is sacred ground:
An' often when I'm all alone
I seem ter hear the sound

Of father's voice across the field,
An' mother's happy song,
An' brothers shouting at their play
Tho' hushed in death—so long.

You see that orchard nigh the barn?
My father set it there—
An' every tree, sir, every one
He planted with a prayer.

My father was a Christian, sir,
An' said that "God is God"!
An' jest the same as when "He split
The Red Sea with a rod".

Yes sir, this farm's the place fer me!
I reckon till I die
I'll stay right here, an' plow, and reap
Till summoned home on high.

An' I jest hope—can't help it sir,
That in the land above,
There'll be at least a garden spot
Fer me to tend, and love.

When seed is sproutin' in the spring,
An' buds is burstin' on the tree,
It seems that God is mighty near
An' heaven not fur away from me.

There ain't no place in this wide world
So dear as this old spot—
An' here I'll toil, an' here I'll wait
Contented with my lot.

You can't wonder when you think what
This old homestead means to me—
That, next ter heaven, this is where
I'd love ter spend eternity.

JUST A WORD

Just a word of greeting
As the days are passing by.
Just a loving hand-clasp
With the friend that's standing nigh.
Just some loving service
That will lift the heavy load,
Just an arm to lean on
As we tread life's weary road.

Just a smile to brighten
"The corner where you are".
Just a word of warning
To the soul that's straying far.
Just a song to gladden
Some fainting, careworn heart—
Just a word, a smile, a song
And then dear friend, we part.—

And we step across the threshold
To the paths as yet untrod,
To the days and years unfolding,
And we leave them all with God.

WHEN MOTHER WENT AWAY

I never can forget the day
When my dear mother "went away".
The world seems strange since she has gone
At sunset hour, or in the morn.

In mother's arms, when but a child,
I saw love shine in eyes so mild:
At mother's knee I learned to pray:
She led me to the narrow way.

'Twas mother's arms that held me tight
When I was frightened in the night:
She came in answer to my cry,
My fears to hush, my tears to dry.

My every pain my mother knew,
And suffered just as mothers do.
When others frowned, my mother smiled,
She was my mother—I her child.

When years had passed, and manhood came,
My mother loved me just the same.
To her I still was but a boy—
My grief her grief, my joy her joy.

The world is changed with mother gone:—
The fields, the flowers, the night, the morn.
My heart is sad with her away,
But we shall meet again some day.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

Wed FIFTY years! Can it be true
That we have lived so long together?
Full half a hundred years, my dear,
In spite of clouds, and stormy weather.

"For better; or worse: for life or death"—
Thus ran the vow made long ago:
The promise made with bated breath
Has been well kept—God meant it so.

"For *better*", Ah yes, not "for worse"
Has been the life-long golden story.
And now, unwearied in its course
Our life is tinged with hill-top glory.

Thus hand in hand, and side by side,
With hearts still young, with love still true,
We stand as lover and as bride
To plight our troth, our vow renew.

Our "golden wedding"! Yes 'tis true
When love keeps sweet, and ever new.
Tho' fifty years have swiftly gone,
The altar fires still brightly burn.

Long have we lived to love on earth.
Our love has had a constant birth.
And, when at last comes setting sun,
We'll find in heaven love just begun.

THE WORLD AGAIN AT WAR

The world again at war! The "dove of peace"
That seemed to find safe nesting
'Neath monarch's throne
Is driven far afield: and now,
Alarmed by booming cannon, bursting shell,
Can scarce find resting place—for
"War is hell"!

Disciples (?) of the Prince of Peace
Have unsheathed sword, each 'gainst the other.
Forgotten seems God's fatherhood,
That makes each man his neighbor's brother.
The pride of kings, the lust of glory,
Are writing now a CRIMSON story.
Barbaric hate crowns regal brow,
For Christian strikes at Christian—now!

From palace, cottage, factory, store,
Millions of men, red-handed, pour.
O'er corn-clad fields rush plunging steeds,
Treading in dust the bread man needs.
From cloud-veiled heights the death-bombs fall,
And "war is hell", to one, to all.

O Prince of Peace! Where art thou now?
And dost thou hear when monarchs bow
And plead with thee to make wrong right?
To change earth's daylight into night?
God, stay the mighty monarch's hand!
God, keep from war our heaven-blest land!
God, haste the day when war shall cease,
And earth enjoy perpetual peace.

THOU ART NOT FORGOT

O man of God, thou art not forgot!
No marble pillar marks the spot
Where dust returned to dust—
But in man's heart thou hast a place
Which passing years cannot efface—
Thou art not forgot! Thou art not forgot!

The spruce that grows above thy grave
Stands firm, like thee, who bravely stood
For human freedom, human good.
Who placed it there none lives to tell,
But God, who loved his servant well
Has not forgot! Has not forgot!

Where freedom lifts her noble head,
Where men for liberty have bled
Thou livest yet.
The Bible, freed from papal chains
Thy lasting monument remains.
None can forget! None can forget!

O man of God, thou art not forgot.
The feet of thousands to this spot
By love are yearly led.
When marble crumbles into dust,
Thy name will live, for God is just.
Thou art not forgot! Thou art not forgot.

(These lines were written beside the grave of
John Calvin, in Geneva, Switzerland, August 5th,
1900.)

THE PASSING OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Out of the "rank and file" he came,
Back to the "rank and file" he goes.

Just for a day he sat on a throne
Mightier than ever crowned monarch has known.
Just for a day he stood like a king,
Baring his breast to envy's mad fling.
Down from that throne he steps, still a MAN,
Bound by no master, owned by no clan.

Proud in the knowledge of manhood unchained:
Proud that the flag floats with glory unstained:
Proud that Columbia holds out her hand
Welcoming patriots from every land:—
Proud that the rulers, and nations of earth
Honor the country where freedom found birth.

Out of the "rank and file" he came.
Back to the "rank and file" he goes.

Honored by men who once sneered in his face:
Honored by men who once sought his disgrace.
Never a man more determined than he—
True to conviction, as true men must be:
Loved by his friends, and honored by foes,
Back to the "rank and file" he goes.

THE SCHOOL BELLS ARE RINGING

The school bells are ringing, and millions of youth
Are turning glad faces toward fountains of truth.
No dread of the future, no fear of defeat,
As they march tramp! tramp! tramp! thro' the lane,
up the street.

The school bells are ringing, and hark to the sound—
As the millions respond with a shout, and a bound.
The boys full of laughter, the girls full of glee,
As happy and gladsome as childhood can be.

The wealth of our nation, well nigh beyond measure,
Is naught when compared with this priceless youth-
treasure

In the hand of the child lies the fate of our nation,
No matter how high, or how lowly the station.

The school is the quarry, where, day after day,
Foundations are fashioned, dross chiseled away.
'Neath the folds of "Old Glory" which flutters
above,

The patriot grows both in ardor, and love.

When they built the first school house our fore-
fathers knew,

What we, their blest children have learned to be
true—

That the church, and the school, standing close hand
in hand

Are the hope of the nation, the defense of the land.

Yes, the school bells are ringing—we welcome their
call,

From the "little red school house", and statlier hall:
While we listen with joy to the tramping of feet
Of the millions preparing life's duties to meet.

The parent, the teacher, the pupil—these three—
Form a trinity vital to our liberty.
And the objects for which they unitedly stand are—
Our God, and our home, and our dear native land.

THELMA

*(Dedicated to the Belgian relief ship which sailed
from Philadelphia, Nov. 12th 1914.)*

Sail on, O ship, across the sea,
Where starving millions wait for thee:
There wailing children, hungry, cold,
Heart-broken mothers, young and old,
Homeless and friendless, outcasts all—
Stagger along, or palsied fall.
Hark to their cry! They call for thee!
Sail on, O ship, across the sea!

The monarch's heel has crushed them down,
To add more lustre to his crown.
Temples stand ruined by shot and shell—
Dead men lie rotting where they fell—
Homes gone forever—streams running red—
From broken hearts all hope has fled—
Hark to their cry! They call for thee!
Sail on! sail on! across the sea!

A HAND almighty on thy wheel—
The sea made smooth beneath thy keel—
The stars kept bright to show the way—
No hindering winds by night or day—
Millions of knees are bent in prayer
That God may grant His special care.
Yet still they cry—they wait for thee—
Sail on, O ship, across the sea!

WHY EVER GROW OLD

Why ever grow old while the sun is still shining,
While arms of affection around you are twining?
Why ever grow old while little feet patter,
And the hall-way resounds with innocent clatter?

Why ever grow old while the birds keep on singing,
And the daisies so fair in the meadows are spring-
ing—

While the crocus looks up with a smile on its face,
And the lily still greets you with infinite grace?

Why ever grow old while the skies overhead
Are studded with stars when the daylight has fled—
When the moon mounts her throne, radiant queen of
the night,
And the sun at his rising turns darkness to light?

Why ever grow old while there's work to be done,
High hills to be climbed, and a crown to be won?
If your heart but keeps right, and your faith but
keeps strong,
You will never grow old, though the years may
grow long.

Perpetual spring! What a glorious truth!
Old age but the steady unfolding of youth!
If your heart but keeps pure, and your faith but
keeps strong—
You can never grow old, though the years may
grow long.

OLD GLORY

No flag ever waved like the "Red, White and Blue"!
You can find no flag like it, tho' you seek the world
through.

'Tis the emblem of freedom, and proudly it waves
Over Liberty's ramparts, over heroes' green graves.

On red fields of battle "Old Glory" has fluttered,
Where cannon has thundered, and rifles have sput-
tered.

Wherever you find it, on land or on sea,
It is ever the symbol of sweet liberty.

Our banner is flying in every breeze.
On proud ships of steel it sails over all seas.
Wherever we greet it our heart-beat is true,
For no flag ever waved like the "Red, White and
Blue!

The red stripes remind us of hero-blood shed:
The blue points to heaven, star-studded o'er head.
The white speaks of virtue, of purity too,—
Ah, no flag ever waved like the Red, White and
Blue!

To the wronged and oppressed of every nation,
Our flag waves a welcome, regardless of station:
And 'neath its fair folds none need more be afraid,
For the hand of the tyrant forever is stayed.

No flag ever waved like the Red, White and Blue!
You can find no flag like it tho' you search the
world through:

Sweet emblem of freedom, how proudly it waves,
Over Liberty's altars, over heroes' green graves.

EASTER MORNING

Again 'tis Easter morning.
The long, dark night has passed.
The query of the ages
Of prophets, martyrs, sages—
The question asked with bated breath
Is answered—
LIFE ENDS NOT IN DEATH!

Again 'tis Easter morning:
And old and young with radiant face
Look toward the tomb: for
Faith can see 'tis angel-thronged,
Not filled with gloom.

The query of the ages,
Of prophets, martyrs, sages,
No more is raised with bated breath,
For life, we know,
ENDS NOT IN DEATH.

IN HIM ABIDING

"Abide in me"! Ah soul, how sweet,
To dwell in that divine retreat.
To live safe-sheltered in His breast—
To make His heart your place of rest.

"Abide in me"! How sadly true,
I nothing am, can nothing do.
The strength to toil, the grace to be.
Are all derived, dear Lord, from thee.

"Abide in me"! Then fruit will grow.
Power from the VINE go surging
Thro' the branches, till they bear
Rich fruit because God's life is there.

"Abide in me"! Unanswered prayer
Ne'er rose from one abiding there.
"Ask what ye will, it shall be done".
It *must*, since *Christ* and *you* are *one*.

"Abide in me"! Lord can it be
That I may be enshrined in Thee?
Thy heart my hiding place, my rest,
Where I may dwell forever blest?

"Abide in me"! O Holy VINE!
Let me, my life, derive from thine.
This then my prayer shall ever be—
"Lord help me to abide in Thee".

STUNG

There once was a poor little doggie,
And he thought he would have some fun:—
So he pawed in jest
A bumblebees' nest—
And that poor little doggie got stung.

The moral is plain, and I'll tell it again,
Tho' it's been so often sung—
Take heed what you do
Or probably you
Will find yourself suddenly STUNG.

748403

BROKEN HARP STRINGS

One day a harpist, half inspired,
Struck from his trembling lyre
A chord of purer, sweeter tone
Than he ever found before.
It thrilled his soul,
It warmed his heart,
It made the tears of rapture start,
It seemed of life the grander part—
And so he struck it, o'er and o'er.

His harp was like a living thing.
It sang like birds and brooks in spring.
It brought heaven down almost in reach.
It told of joys past power of speech:—
Of love, and home—
Of peace and rest:
And then it's work forever done
The harp strings broke: it's song was sung.

The harpist gazed in mute despair
Upon his harp, so sweet, so fair—
Then laid it down and bowed in prayer.
But hark! An echo soft and low
Swept through his soul, as breezes blow
O'er scented gardens: and then
Lifting his head he smiled again:—

For now he knew those broken strings
Had given birth to living things.
That chord sublime had floated far
To realms where Angel Harpers are.
Tho' lost on earth, to it 'twas given
To swell the melody of heaven.

MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY

Come close to my heart
My beautiful boy—
For I am your mother
And you are my joy.
Here close to my breast,
Just nestle and rest—
My beautiful baby boy!

Your eyes are so blue
My beautiful boy!
Love shines through those windows
Undimmed with alloy.
What rapture is mine
As I gaze into thine—
My beautiful baby boy!

Your cheeks are so soft
My beautiful boy!
They feel just like velvet
My beautiful boy:—
And when you are sleeping
God's angels are keeping
My beautiful baby boy.

I'm so glad you came
My beautiful boy!
For I am your mother,
And you are my joy.
So, close to my breast
Just cuddle and rest,
My beautiful baby boy.

SLEEPING WITH THE ROSES

"Sister's sleeping with the roses"!
Lisp'd a little child one day,
As she gazed into the casket
Where her "angel" sister lay.

Eyes were closed, and hands were folded,
And the little prattler said—
"Sister's sleeping with the roses,
See the roses in her bed!"

"Sister's sleeping with the roses"!
O, how sweet to think it so.
Dead? Ah no, but sweetly sleeping,
Undisturbed by pain, or woe.

Tear-dimmed eyes with faith-light brightened
When our little darling said—
"Sister's sleeping with the roses,
See the roses in her bed!"

MY BABY

Yesterday baby came;
Dear little baby!

Out of the "Somewhere"
Into the "Here."
Pure as a dew-drop,
Sweet as a lily,
Close in my bosom lay
My baby dear.

Yesterday baby *smiled*;
Dear, dimpled baby!
Eyes filled with wonderment,
Face wreathed in sweet content,
Smile that the angels sent—
My precious baby!

Yesterday baby *died*;
My *only* baby!
Softly the angels came,
Tenderly breathed her name,
Bore back to heaven again
My darling baby.

LIMITLESS AMBITION

Down in the sea in a
Submarine boat—
Up in the sky in a
Ship that will float:—
Up to the Pole where the
Grizzly bears dwell,
Down to the mouth of the
Nethermost hell.

Once there were limits to
Human ambition:
Now every boundary is
Held in derision.
You may fly without wing,
You may swim without fin:
Where achievement once halted,
We now just begin.

THE GLAD GAME

Who will play the "glad game"?

"I", said the brook as it hurried away—

"I'll play the 'glad game', for I'm always at
play.

I splash on the rocks, and I smile at the sun:—

I'll play the 'glad game' for I think it great
fun.

I'll play the 'glad game'".

Who will play the "glad game"?

"I", said the robin in the top of the tree—

"For I am as happy as happy can be.

It sometimes is cold and it sometimes is wet,

But I've found it far better to sing than to fret.

I'll play the 'glad game'".

Who will play the "glad game"?

"I", said the boy as he hobbled about,

"I can walk on my crutches, can laugh, and can shout.

There's many a boy lying flat in his bed,

Who can't walk a step, nor hold up his head.

I'll play the 'glad game'".

Who will play the "glad game"?

"I", said the farmer, with hands on his plow—

"I'll play the 'glad game' and play it right now.

The furrow and harvest are not far apart—

I'll play the 'glad game' with all my heart.

I'll play the 'glad game'".

Who will play the "glad game"?

"I", said the mother, with babe on her arm—

"I'll play the 'glad game' it works like a charm.

When weary with watching, or burdened with care,

I'll play the 'glad game'; it goes with a prayer.

I'll play the 'glad game'".

Then play the "glad game" wherever you be.

High up on the mountain, afloat on the sea.

Tho' burdens seem heavy, and life become tame,

The heart will grow light if you play the "glad game".

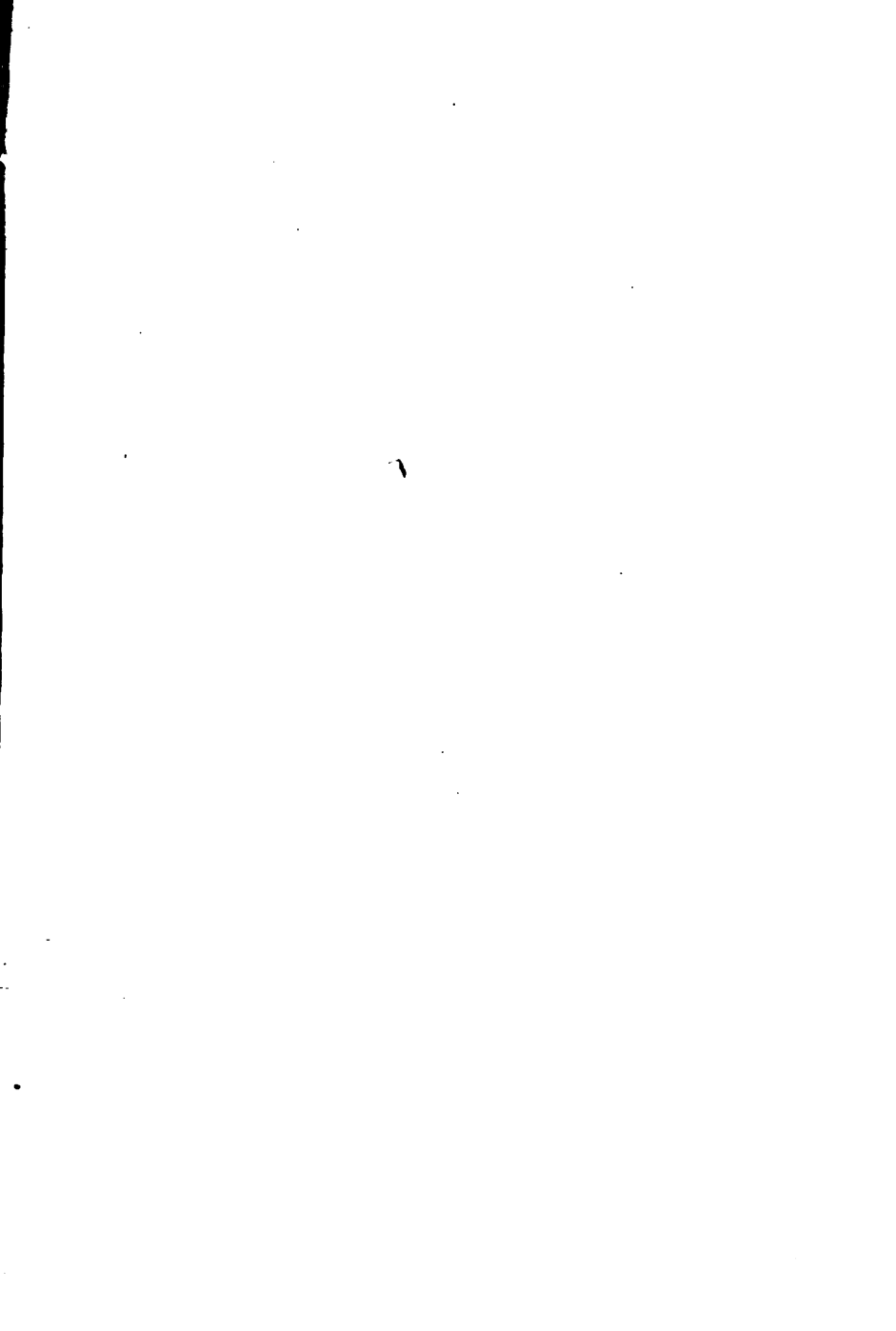
THE ROBIN THAT SANG IN THE SNOW

He thought it was spring, the dear little thing,
And flew from the South-land so fair:
But when the snow fell you never could tell
That his heart knew a fear or a care.

He sang in the storm the merriest song,
As happy as happy could be:
It seemed that he said, with a tilt of his head,
"Storm is better than sunshine for me".

I heard in the storm that jubilant song,
And I learned a sweet lesson that day:—
Just sing with your might when the skies are not
bright,
For the storm-clouds will soon pass away.

The snow ceased to fall—sun shone over all,
And the cherries grew ripe on the tree.
But the song of the bird in the storm that I heard
Will ne'er be forgotten by me.



**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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